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*Marx G. Sabel*

Sheet falls upon sheet,  
Until now I cannot see  
The lines of the dead body underneath.  
What avail are these days  
And these nights,  
These halt men, and these  
Cumbersome negresses burdened with baskets?  
    Day after day,  
    Night after night,  
    Sheet upon sheet,  
    Black on white,  
Falling over a dead body,  
Covering a dead body,  
Falling upon and covering my memory of you.

NO GOOD THING

It is no good thing  
Even on a dark night  
To clutch a memory for guidance.  
I know, because I have tried it  
Confidently.  
I walked on in the dark night  
Remembering.  
I walked on and on,  
Yet no star shone,

[147]

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

And there was no light nor even any ghost of light  
Ever  
To guide me.

I shall walk on in the dark night  
Forgetting.  
I shall clutch no memory for guidance.  
I shall walk on and on,  
Accepting the darkness  
Proudly, fearlessly, without hope.  
For it is no good thing  
Even on a dark night  
To clutch a memory for guidance.

THE STRANGE LOAD

Things have come to a fine pass!  
Just now,  
As I sat teasing shy thoughts,  
A strange load lifted  
Of its own volition!

Maybe I should make a moan,  
Or gurgle in my throat a bit,  
On losing suddenly  
And for no apparent reason  
The strange load—  
The little weight of chosen sorrowings,  
The small warm woes of love.